



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

Dedicated to the needs and interest of young Americans of Ukrainian descent

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10-YEAR OLD UKRAINIAN "TERROR" COMING TO JOIN SGT. PAL HERE

"In a world full of suspicion, the threat of the atom bombs and blocked sterling areas, it is a privilege to report some good news.

"Ten-year-old Bobby Sokolowski, the unpredictable Ukrainian orphan, will sail for the United States Nov. 4—if he doesn't stage a one-boy riot, commit mayhem or burst with joy first," writes John R. Wilhelm of the London Bureau of the Chicago Sun in the Oct. 26 number of that paper. Bobby is sailing to the American home waiting for him of Sgt. Edward Klonowski, 4621 Grace street Chicago who had adopted the Ukrainian boy while he was in Europe.

Tears Don't Come Easy

As reported by Wilhelm in the Chicago Sun, Bobby will sail tomorrow, Sunday, with the 364th Fighter Squadron of the 8th Air Force on the Queen Mary Nov. 4.

It is all signed, sealed and delivered as far as little Bobby is concerned and the good news brought tears to his eyes—and tears don't come easy to this very little boy who, at the age of 8, made a combat jump with German paratroopers and at 10 lived with front-line American troops in no man's land.

Let's Look at the Record

This correspondent, however, gives the good people of Chicago the following warning on what is about to happen to them—and then washes his hands forever of the whole matter:

Looking like a sweet and lovable angel this particular 10-year-old tyke is fuller of potential mischief than an atom bomb in the hands of an anarchist, the Sun correspondent warns. Consider his record—

On Aug. 26 at Liverpool he smuggled himself aboard the New York bound troopship Marshal Hayes, causing the huge vessel to be turned about on the high seas and put back toward port to disembark him. He landed in tears, but his feat in slipping through the harbor police caused the military to put him under arrest.

Two days later he talked himself out of his trouble and was released into the custody of the 364th Fighter Squadron. He promptly ran away.

Moves in on Red Cross

On Sept. 5 he was located. He was living at an American Red Cross club.

Bobby, who wears a miniature U.S. sergeant's uniform, complete with the Purple Heart, was taken by The Chicago Sun to the American embassy to apply for legal entry to America, at the request of Klonowski's family in Chicago.

On the way he fired photographers' flash bulbs the length of staid Oxford st., causing dignified Londoners, already shattered with war nerves, to run for their lives.

Assails Washington Slowness

On Oct. 1, without permission, he put in a long-distance call to The

Chicago Sun's London office, reversing the charges, to denounce "Washington, D.C.," for its slowness and to announce he would run away again.

On Oct. 15, he was picked up by British authorities who promptly placed him in a children's home. Escaping after exactly 17 minutes in the home, he was located in a Red Cross club in Liverpool, where Red Cross girls were "ohing" and ahing" over his curly hair.

When the State Department granted him permission to come home with the 364th Fighter Group, he was delivered into the hands of The Chicago Sun again, by Miss Thelma Huber of Mesa, Tex., Liverpool Red Cross director.

Caretaker a "Wreck"

Miss Huber was nearly a total wreck after making the London-Liverpool train ride with Bobby, who, among other diversions, locked 18 English civilians in their first-class carriages and refused to divulge where he placed the keys. The doors had to be taken off the hinges to let them out at their station.

And then, just when everybody was infuriated, Bobby melted their anger by asking earnestly: "Miss Huber, do you think God helped me to get into America?"

N. Y. Critics Praise Taras' Ballet

John Taras, young Ukrainian American of New York City, who started his dancing career as a Ukrainian folk dancer with Avramenko, and then turned ballet dancer, won wide praise for himself as a choreographer of his "Graziana," a classical abstraction set to a Mozart violin concerto (G minor, K. 216), which had its premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House, Ballet Theatre, Thursday evening, October 25.

The New York Sun critic, Arthur V. Berger, wrote that the "Ballet Theatre is having luck with its young native choreographers. Another one, John Taras, covered himself with glory last night at the Metropolitan Opera House with a work in classic style, 'Graziana.' Invention is less abundant than it might be and personality peers out occasionally. But as a first effort, it is remarkable for clarity and technical address."

FOLK DANCING FOR WASHINGTONIANS

Michael and Mary Herman, the well-known folk dancing teaching team, members of U.N.A. Branch 361, recently inaugurated Folk Dance Sessions in Washington, D. C., at the West Potomac Recreation Hall, Tidal Basin and Independence avenue, on alternate Wednesday evenings. Everyone is welcome to attend, they write.

"DEATH MARCH" SURVIVOR HOME AT LAST

The city of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, is preparing a grand homecoming celebration for Sgt. Basil Walter Wecal, Ukrainian, who arrived home October 17th after 42 months' imprisonment by the Japs. The celebration will take place just as soon as two other Woonsocket servicemen, Col. A. Chester Searl and Cpl. E. C. Gould, return home from Jap captivity.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Wecal, 113 Church street, Woonsocket, Sgt. Wecal is a survivor of the "March of Death" which followed the surrender of Bataan and Corregidor. He and his whole family are members of the Ukrainian National Association, reports John Kokolski, secretary of U.N.A. Branch 206.

The Woonsocket press featured lengthy accounts on Sgt. Wecal's happy homecoming, with the Woonsocket Call running a large picture of his parents hugging him. He had been away from home for five years, out of which 42 months were spent in Jap prison camps. The family had received a postcard from "Walt" which he had posted in Wisconsin en route home. Two of his brothers, Sgt. Stephen Wecal and Gene Wecal, picked up their brother at Fort Devens, Mass. and brought him home.

Liberated from his Tokyo prison camp on Sept. 4, Sgt. Wecal was taken to Yokohama where the POW group were piled with "good old American coffee and donuts" and given physical examinations. Via C-54 air transport, they were flown to Okinawa and subsequently to Manila. From there he was flown in a B-24 to the States.

The long months of imprisonment passed slowly for Wecal and his bud-

UCCA AND UCC REPRESENTATIVES MEET

To better coordinate the action of the nationally representative Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and the Ukrainian Canadian Committee on behalf the Ukrainian war refugees and displaced persons in Europe, a conference of the committees' representatives was held in Toronto, Tuesday, October 24.

Present at the conference were Stephen Shumeyko, president, and Dmytro Halychyn, treasurer of the UCCA; Rev. Dr. W. Kushnir, president of the UCC, from Winnipeg, T. Humeniuk, head of the Toronto branches of UCC, and Wasyl Hultay and Michael Hetman of Toronto, members of the UCC's board of directors.

dies. He said that means of recreation were few and far between and that sickness was prevalent. There were but a few English books for reading and "occasional" Red Cross packages. About the only thing they had to look forward to was chow—and that was, of course, RICE.

'War's Over'

First indication of the end of the war was gained by Wecal on Aug. 15 while on an outside work detail. The prisoners were amazed when the Japs sent a truck from the camp to pick up the POW company. This had never been done before; in the past, they had "hoofed it" back to camp.

The Woonsocket soldier recalled how he told some of his buddies that "the war must be over, if they're doing this." The group was returned to the camp and told that the war was over and that they had nothing to do but "lie around camp."

On August 25, a flight of navy planes dropped supplies of K-rations, cigarettes and reading material to the imprisoned men. The reading matter consisted of two Life magazines and an old copy of West Virginia newspaper. The planes which dropped them were from flight deck of the carrier Shangri-La.

In his Tokyo camp there were more than 200 prisoners divided between two large barn-like barracks. They were required to salute all Japanese, the military and civilian alike. If they failed to carry out this gesture, they were "punished."

Tough Winter

They slept on thin straw mats on a cold floor and covered themselves with equally thin cotton blankets, one per man. The Japs laughed at the American habit of two men sharing their blankets and sleeping together in order to keep warm by body heat. The winter of 1944, Wecal termed "the roughest of them all." Each barracks had a single coal stove and the

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"Torso Murder" Detective Turns Private Investigator

Peter Merylo, Ukrainian born and raised, for 25 years member of the Cleveland Police Department, where as a detective he won distinction for investigating the Cleveland Torso Murders in the late 1930s, is now a private investigator residing at 3679 West 136th street, Cleveland, Ohio, according to a report sent to the Weekly by Martin Tylicki.

Detective Merylo was born in the village of Prylbichy, Jaworin county, Western Ukraine, then under Austria. He attended school in Lwiw and came to this country in 1912 and enlisted in the U. S. Army at the start of the first world war.

In the course of his career as a detective, Merylo gained much praise from the Cleveland press for his work in investigating the torso murders committed by some madman, believed to be responsible for 13 of the mad butcherings which terrified Cleveland in the late 30s.

While on this investigation, which lasted for seven years, he cleaned up 1015 unrelated crimes and sent nearly 900 men to prison.

A CONVERSATION

By LESYA UKRAYINKA (*Larysa Kosach-Kvinka*)
Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

"GREAT is love and fateful, like a simoon¹ which drifts up with sand the placid lakes and the quiet fountains in the oases, overwhelms the noisy mountain streams, no matter how bravely they rush down, bringing to the valleys their message of mountain air and liberty; it piles up unexpected bulwarks against the lordly mighty ocean, which must retreat, changing the boundaries of its domain..."

Thus the young poet read aloud, his head with its thick mass of curls bent over the closely written manuscript. He sat at the feet of the sick actress in 'retirement,' who lay on a sofa, languid, apathetic, listening to his reading, as hopeless invalids listen to the sound of the restless waves, while lying on a sun-baked beach.

Suddenly she began to laugh unpleasantly, either too heartily or not sincerely, so it seemed to the poet.

"You find it amusing?" he said offended, then added, overly submissive, apologetically: "True, perhaps I did forget my geography while writing it."

The actress smiled more composedly:

"I know still less about geography than you."

"May I ask then, why you laughed?" "Why not? Only it's hard to say... It seemed to me as though it were the beginning of my obituary or something... And it seemed somewhat strange to hear that while still living."

"Your obituary? Yours? In what way? Why? If it were an obituary, it certainly would not be yours. Oh, no! not yours, I know very well..."

A note of cruel unkindness vibrated in the voice of the young poet.

"My boy!" the actress' voice, on the contrary, was tender and kind, though with a tinge of mockery: "Don't be always thinking only of yourself!"

The poet said nothing but merely cast a look, full of reproach and pain, at her faded countenance.

"Don't reproach me and don't be offended, for it is true. You worry about me and neglect yourself, you take care of me and make sacrifices impossible to repay"—the poet made a vehement movement, but she stopped him, shaking her head—"sacrifices impossible to repay, but you are only thinking of yourself, you are not thinking of me at all."

"I do more than think of you!" the poet exclaimed.

"That may be so... Yet, even though it is, all the same, you are not thinking of me; you do not understand me and it makes me sad. No one understands me, and it is not because I am an enigmatic, unintelligible nature. No, it would be quite easy to understand me thoroughly, it needs but little thought to discover me, but it is clear that no one is curious. The first time people saw me they were 'in ecstasies,' they called me a 'star,' 'incomparable,' and so forth; they said many things like that, you know, they wrote a good deal, but as to thinking of me—no one ever did, not even you."

The poet pondered:

"Maybe it's true," he then said quietly. "Maybe I didn't think of you, that is, up to this moment. But such thinking won't do any good, for supposing you were not the same as you seem to me, I would love you as you are, worse or better. You are my fate."

"Ha!... 'or worse or better'... she

repeated pensively... "Perhaps if I were better, you wouldn't love me."

He looked in surprise at her.

"Well, certainly," she continued, "people like you are always looking for discordances, broken strings, shattered harps, and when I was more beautiful, when there was nothing broken about me, not a discordant note, you found my harmoniousness boring. There, take up that album—you'll find a lot of my earlier pictures, you may look them through, I have no objection, I am not playing the coquette with you, look at them."

He examined one after another all those earlier pictures of her in starring roles, in wonderful costumes. He looked at them for a long time, then closed the album and silently replaced it.

"Well, what about it?" she asked nervously.

"Maybe you're right," he replied mildly and smiled brightly, but somehow he felt sorry for her.

"You see, my... I almost said, 'My dear,' but that would be nonsense, unoriginal and even cruel? There are situations where a woman dare not use the words." She glanced at him sorrowfully and apologetically.

"Call me what you will, anything you please." He bent, took her pale, slender hand, more emaciated still than her face, and kissed it almost with reverence. She closed her eyes and after the kiss her hand lay inert yet constrained, as though she had forgotten it. A few moments passed in silence.

"Ah! What was it I was just about to tell you?" The actress spoke as though slowly rousing out of a doze.

"Were you about to tell me something?"

"Yes, it seems so... Oh, yes!... How do you think I came to be burnt out?"

"You? Burnt out?" The poet's voice rang with surprise a shade overdone.

"Now, listen, I don't like that," she frowned as though in physical pain. "Insincerity doesn't become you. You well know about my downfall, what it was, when it happened, and that it is irretrievable."

"I know nothing about irretrievability," said the poet, averting his glance.

"Lord bless you! I'm not going to press you to the wall. That's not the point. But how do you think it happened that I went into 'retirement'?"

"Why, everybody knows—you fell sick... overworked... And no wonder! you put so much of yourself into your roles..."

"You know nothing at all about it," she interrupted impatiently. "Not a thing! It was just because I stopped putting myself into them!"

"You were overworked earlier."

"Be still! It wasn't that," she burst out sharply and fretfully, and impatiently changed her position several times.

"Did I make you angry?"

"Ach no, no..."

She turned toward the wall and began to count with her finger the squares in the Persian carpet hung against it. Her countenance altered, her eyebrows drew together; once or twice she was on the point of speaking and each time she pressed her lips together. Then she suddenly turned round to the poet and looked him full in the face.

"It doesn't matter. I must tell you all the same," she said in a sort of desperation. "Although I feel that I ought not to tell you." She stressed the pronouns 'I' and 'you.'

The poet replied with a like em-

phasis: "You may tell me every thing."

"All right," she said boldly, though in a tone not entirely steady. "Here it is: Once I fell very much in love. 'Only once?' perhaps you are thinking..."

"I am thinking nothing," said the poet, this time rather brusquely.

"I say 'I fell,' for in such cases it is customary to say that, instead of 'I am'."

"So?" said the poet, somewhat startled.

"Yes. Now what? You are surely thinking now: 'For what reason is she telling this to me? She's dramatizing a situation, just like an actress.'" She burst out with her unpleasant laugh, and her face, pale from former habitual makeups and from present sickness, became over-spread with a dull, patchy flush.

"May I ask you—if you can: don't laugh like that," quietly, yet as though pained, the poet said and went over to the window.

She stopped.

"Well, I won't, I won't. Come over here, I can't talk loud."—He obediently sat down in his accustomed place, the low stool near her feet.

"What I am going to tell you is very banal, not worth while telling, least of all to a poet. You don't admire such things."

He impatiently shrugged his shoulders. "Are you going to expound a thesis to me?" he said, displeased.

"Now, you stop! You ought to realize that it's not easy to strike a natural tone, talking about one's self like this"

"Forgive me, I'll be patient."

"Moreover, there is nothing of an 'affair' in my story. I simply fell in love and then the 'business didn't go,' as they say. A very thin romance for an actress. Ha, ha!... Ah, sorry, I promised not to laugh"—she broke off her laughter by herself, for she noticed that the poet's face bore an expression of deep pain.

"He, I suppose, did not love you in return?" asked the poet, when she fell silent again. "Why that I suppose? No, on the contrary, it is hard to say which of the two of us loved the most."

"Then why?..."

"Don't make me laugh at you! Do you really think that loving one another is enough to bring a couple together? Listen:

Not all the gardens put forth flowers, which send out buds in spring's sweet showers."

"Who was he?" said the poet, frowning.

"He was and still is, a writer. Not like you, one of 'God's elect' (The poet gazed at her searchingly, but she paid no attention to it) No, just a common, everyday writer, does dramatic criticisms and carries on some sort of column in a provincial newspaper. He was then doing paste and scissors work: 'What our contemporaries are saying, 'now it seems he's been promoted to 'local news.' In his writing there was no 'divine spark,' at least it never seemed so to me, but it did seem, and I am certain of it, that there was that 'divine spark' in himself, for it gleamed in his eyes, and there was that in his voice which was lacking in his words. For this I forgave him everything, even those unpardonably stupid verses which he once wrote for one of my benefit nights. And his critiques on my work, although they were always laudatory, but... may the Lord forgive him for their style—these, even for the actor's unfathomable taste, were lacking in discrimination. It always seemed to me that that spark of his should be liberated from literature, be struck out of himself, and that I might be the one..."

She fell silent.

"Why didn't you do it?"

She passed her hands across her brows:

"Why?... because he would not

follow after me and I wouldn't go to him."

"Why?" "Ach, how tiresome you are with your 'Why?' I will tell you all without that! The usual thing: he wanted me to become his lawful wife, he didn't want to love me otherwise, he didn't want to share me with others, he was fearfully jealous. To live always in the same town, that I could not do, and he could not be satisfied with occasional meetings, now and again, it was therefore easier for him to separate altogether, as he said himself. But I preferred not to go his way."

The poet for some reason seemed more cheerful.

"I understand. You were concerned about your own precious freedom. The yoke of conjugal obligation did not appeal to your artistic nature. Perhaps the thought of a vow as a compulsion of love offended you. Lawful marriage would imply a conventional bourgeois life for you."

She frowned at him, then smiled languidly:

"No, that wasn't the trouble. I simply was afraid of hard times, ordinary material poverty."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"But, I have rarely seen a person less greedy for money than you."

"I should not have been afraid of the vagabond actors' hardships, for I have experienced them and come through them quite happily, but the hardships of married life, family, personal troubles—I feared them then and would still be afraid of them now, regardless of anything!"

"Somehow I can't understand it," said the poet slowly, and his face took on an expression of incomprehension, disillusionment. "It seems to me that maybe your passion was not so great as it appeared to you."

"Why then am I dying from it now?" she burst out in feverish, genuine despair.

She sat up on the sofa, wringing her hands. Her eyes had become immense and black, as though they had been artificially darkened. The poet, with a gentle movement, pushed her back on the pillows and again she lay submissive, composing herself. A silence fell between them. The poet mechanically leafed through his manuscript.

"Don't think too badly of me, and comprehend, if you can," she again began to talk. "If I was afraid of those hardships, it was not because I was afraid of hunger, cold, ragged clothing and broken shoes."

"You were afraid for your love. That it might wither in the struggle of life?"

"Maybe there was something of that. Although I did not fear for my own love, but for his. Women somehow manage better to keep up the poetry of their feelings in the midst of life's prose than men do."

"You think so?"

"So it seems to me. But that's not important, for that alone would not have withheld me. In any case, his love might have faded, if not from hardships, yet from long separations and so it amounts to the same."

"You didn't believe in him?"

"No, not that exactly... Well, of course, one is more certain of one's own self. And it seemed to me that my love was 'stronger than death'..."

"And therefore?" asked the poet with hope in his voice.

She smiled sadly and ironically: "Yet, however, death is stronger, I must regretfully confess. It is stronger even than that which seemed to me more powerful than my love and more precious, yes, more precious."

"What is that?"

"Is it possible you cannot guess? Oh, you poets are wiser on paper than in life! My art, of course. That's why hardships seemed so fearful to him."

The poet, without concealment, kept on looking at her with his former expression.

¹ Simoon: a hot dry violent wind, laden with dust, that blows occasionally in Arabia and Syria, generated by the heat of the deserts and sandy plains. Lesya, Ukrayinka, spent much time in the Near East, vainly seeking to regain her health.

"But you yourself earned considerable," he persisted.

"A bird of passage such as I was and must be in the present conditions of our theatrical life, could only make money in spurts.—I had no reserves and never understood how to lay them aside. If I set up a permanent nest, I would lose my earning power. Even had he been an actor... and how can a writer on a small paper in a small town adapt himself to another paper? It's not so easy."

"That is so."

"On my earnings then, it is true, we might both have lived, even perhaps with a family, if he had given up his position and lived, travelling with me, at my expense. But he wouldn't hear of it."

"That's understandable," declared the poet thoughtfully.

The actress flared up.

"What! That's understandable to you! That a man for the sake of some bourgeois superstitions can break his own heart and that of the one who loves him! That's understandable to you!"

"That's not superstition, it's elementary decency."

"Just 'elementary'! Everything is elementary with you men! Suppose I had lived on his miserable 'so-much-a-line,' giving up my profession for love, that would be 'elementary indecency'?"

"No, quite another matter. In present circumstances..."

The actress waved her hands.

"I know, I know, I know! I've heard it a thousand times! It bores me. Elementary. Enough! He said just the same. I used to hate him at such times."

The poet did not venture to defend his thesis.

"Perhaps he might have got something to do with your company?" he timidly interjected.

"What sort? A prompter's job? Maybe a 'walker on'? He had not even the ability to be a 'super,' and our company did not carry such along. He might perhaps have agreed to something of the sort but our stage 'superstitions' would not have allowed it. The husband of a 'star,' 'our first lady,' the 'incomparable premiere,' or what have you—and to stand on the stage as a super in dumb roles, an errand-boy, one who 'holds up the corners'... No, no, you may not understand it, but it was im-pos-sib-le! I tell you. He would have been a complete failure on the stage... The same as you, too," she added swiftly.

"Why should I be included here? I have never been on the stage. How do you know, perhaps..."

"No, no! No 'perhaps.' I have an infallible flair in such things. A complete failure, I tell you." Irritably, she looked straight at him. "Brr... I don't know, but maybe, my love might not have stood it!"

A malicious spark flashed in the poet's eyes.

"However, this... your friend, it seems, did not display any particular talent even in his literary work, you said so yourself."

"That's quite another thing!"

The poet shrugged his shoulders disparagingly.

"I don't understand why. What's the difference?"

"A newspaper man may not be so terribly gifted, but at least he is called 'an honest journalist' and not a tramp."

"Now see, with you it's all a matter of words..."

"And why not? I hope you are not going to read me a lesson on the disregard of words..."

"Well, there is the word: 'scrib-ler' too."

She turned patchily red and flashed her eyes at him.

"You, what do you think you are!"

Forgive me..."

"Whatever he was, my closest friend could not have measured up to and equalled my position. No matter what he was, behind the scenes

FORMER U.S. PRESIDENT A CAPTAIN IN MANILA

Captain Chester M. Monasterski, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Manaster-ski, 708 Franklin Ave., Aliquippa, Pa., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 276, in a letter recently received by his parents wrote to say that he expected to be home for Christmas.

Captain Monasterski is a member of the Army Quartermaster Corps and is stationed in Hq. AFWESPAC, Cl. II and IV, Manila. He has already seen 37 months of Army service, 33 of which were spent overseas. It was in Australia that he first saw overseas duty and it was here that he attended O.C.S. and was commissioned a Lieutenant. While in Australia, he spent his furloughs with Sgt. Pete Zaharchuk, now discharged, who was stationed there at the time.

From Australia, he was sent to New Guinea for a year and transferred in early spring of this year to Manila, where he is stationed at present. Here in Manila, he has met quite a number of Ukrainian boys from the States; and in particular, Sgt. Pete Zaharchuk's brother, Jules, now back in the States, a casualty.

A Geneva College and University of Pittsburgh graduate, Captain Manasterski taught history and geography at the Washington Junior High School, Aliquippa, Pa. prior to enlisting in the Army in September, 1942. Always active in sports and social affairs, he participated in and promoted several annual tournaments in basketball, mushball and bowling. On the Geneva College soccer team he was a star goalie player. He also had an orchestra which was featured at most of the Ukrainian social events in the Pittsburgh district under the name of "The Rhythm Aces."

Captain Monasterski was always active in Ukrainian American youth activities and was president of the Ukrainian Youth League of North America, 1941-42.

he would merely have been my husband."

"An extraordinarily nice position: 'husband of the queen!'" the poet blurted out.

"No worse than being 'wife of her husband'!"

They exchanged sharp looks, mutually hostile. Another silence fell between them, longer than the former ones.

"Give me a cigarette," the actress said at last in a fatigued, apathetic voice.

The poet was already mollified again and felt himself guilty of a fault towards her.

"I can't," he objected. "It harms you to smoke."

"Does it matter, whether it harms me or not?"

"To whom are you saying this?" the poet said in a tender tone and suddenly added, "Did I offend you?"

"No, but I didn't feel like talking."

The poet looked searchingly into her face; her eyes were lowered, but even thus she could not stand that searching look, and turned away to the wall.

He took her hand in both his own. "Don't be angry. I don't know myself how that wicked flareup came between us. It's all over now, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

(To be concluded)

RADIO TALK ON UKRAINE

A five-minute talk on Ukraine and Ukrainians will be heard over Station WHAT (1340 on your dial) on Tuesday morning, November 6, Philadelphia, starting at 11 o'clock.

The speaker will be Mr. Alexander Yaremko, Chairman of the Ukrainian Group, Nationalities Division of the United War Chest campaign now under way in Philadelphia.

THE UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE

(From lectures delivered by Prof. Ivan Ohlenko at the Ukrainian National University in 1918, translated by Stephen Davydovich)

Russian attacks upon the Ukrainian language started immediately after Ukraine was joined to Muscovy by the Treaty of Pereyaslav in 1654. The general opinion among the Russians was that if the language is different the people are different; and a different people have a different religion. But if the religion is different it must be heretical because the only true faith is that of Moscow and Muscovite people.

At one time, the beginning of the 17th century, a Kozak delegation from Ukraine visited Moscow. The Tsar would not receive them and Count Pozharsky offered this explanation: "You have come to Moscow before Lent, and you should know that during Lent our great Gosudar does not receive delegates from any foreign land." Thus already at that time the Ukrainians became heretics in the minds of the Russians.

Already in the 16th and the 17th centuries the popular Ukrainian language was quite distinct from Russian. In Moscow it was not understood and the Muscovites believed that anyone who did not speak in Christian fashion, that is Russian, must be German or something similar. (The Slavonic word for German is 'nimets' derived from the word 'nimy' meaning dumb.)

Russians and Poles Denied Its Independent Character

Ukraine was then under Poland and the state language was Polish. Thus the literary Ukrainian language absorbed numerous words of Polish origin. Because of these words the Muscovites regarded the Ukrainians as Poles and referred to their language as Polish. This opinion, which first gained root in the 16th and 17th centuries, persisted in Moscow in the 18th and 19th centuries. Later the Muscovites came to regard Ukrainian as not strictly Polish but as a dialect of it. Throughout the 18th and 19th centuries there were two prevalent theses: the Poles wrote that the Ukrainian language is in reality Polish but somewhat spoiled by Muscovite influences; the Russians wrote that the Ukrainian language was Russian but spoiled by Polish influences. Neither side would give it a separate status.

Here we shall deal only with the Russian point of view. In 1746 Lomonosov wrote about the Ukrainian language: "This dialect is similar to ours but its anunciations, its construction and its word-ending have been so strongly influenced by its contact with the Poles that it has been simply spoiled." Such a statement by an authority like Lomonosov received universal credence and was accepted by the majority of Russian writers.

In 1784 Katherine II decided to publish a dictionary containing every language on earth. She sent orders to all governors to collect words and to send them to Petrograd and finally assigned the work to Pallas. Pallas issued the dictionary between 1787 and 1789 in four volumes under the title "Comparative Dictionary of all Languages and Dialects compiled under Her Majesty's Auspices." In the preface he referred to the Ukrainian language thus: "The Little Russian language is not very distinct from ours and very often is nothing more than Russian with a Polish twist which is used only in Ukraine and in Little Russia." Such was the official opinion. During the 19th century this opinion did not

¹ See the Collected works of M. V. Lomonosov, Published by the Academy of Science. Vol. IV. p. 1. 2. 1898. Here Lomonosov was writing an article against Trediakivsky who had advised that plural adjectives should end in 'y' instead of 'e' because the "Little Russians always used the 'y' terminal." Thus we see that Trediakivsky sought grammatical authority from the Ukra-

change much. M. Y. Kachenovsky, editor of "Viestnik Evrope" (The European Herald) wrote about the Ukrainian language: "It is a known fact that Little Russian speech holds a middle position between Russian and Polish and the latter contributed to it many words and inflections during those days when Little Russia was under Polish rule." ² It may be added that Kachenovsky was Professor of Slavonic languages and must therefore have passed the same view on to his students.

Mykolai Grech, who was a great philologist of his time, took a somewhat different course and concluded that the Ukrainian language was simply a Polish dialect. In 1822 he wrote: "The Little Russian language was born and developed as a result of many decades of Polish rule in South Western Russia. It can therefore be considered Polish." ³ In his grammar published in 1827 he stated it more simply: "The Little Russian language can be regarded as a dialect of the Polish language."

This opinion became so deeply rooted that even Professor Bodiansky considered it necessary to argue how ill-founded such an opinion was. ⁴ In 1847 there even appeared a learned dissertation by Lebediev entitled "A Critical Historical Analysis of the degree of Polish influence upon Language and School organization in Russia." Here the author attacked the opinion held by Grech that the Ukrainian language began after Poland gained political sway in Ukraine.

There was even a time when some Russians referred to Ukrainian as "a Polish creation, an illegitimate child of the Russian family." ⁵

"A Foreign Language"

In some cases they described Ukrainian simply as a foreign language. Thus when in 1803 Kosmodemiansky translated into Russian "The True Messiah" (1669) by I. Haliatovsky the introduction simply stated "this is a translation from a foreign language."

The degree of ignorance concerning the Ukrainian language may be seen from this illustration. In one case the Russian historian Karamzin used an old Ukrainian document and explains in a note that this document "is written in a barbarian language which is neither Russian nor Polish." Thus when a famous historian referred to it as barbarian, it is little wonder that Valuiiev, who was minister of internal affairs in 1863, authoritatively declared: "There has never been, there isn't and never can be a Little Russian language."

(To be continued)

inian language.

² The European Herald. 1810 Vol. 49. No. 1. pp. 69-70.

³ History of Russian Literature. p. 12. 1822.

⁴ Scientific Records of Moscow University 1839. No. 9.

⁵ P. I. Zhytetsky, An Outline of the History of Little Russian Speech. Kiev. 1876. p. 46.

⁶ The History of the Russian Tsardom. Vol. 9. Footnote p. 561.

WAR CHEST RALLY NOVEMBER 7

Ukrainians of Philadelphia are invited to a big United War Chest Rally to be held in the Ukrainian Hall at 849 North Franklin Street on Wednesday evening, November 7th, starting at 8 P.M.

A one-reel movie entitled "Here Come the Yanks" followed by a one-act dramatic skit, "More Than Just Love" presented by the American Theatre Wing will feature the program. It is free.

Ukrainian organizations and individuals who plan to contribute this year toward this humanitarian campaign are urged to do so at this Rally.

An Ambulatory Patient in an Orthopedic Ward Pays Tribute to the Care Given Soldiers in All Army Hospitals

AMONG the many features stressed in the current campaign to secure Regular Army enlistments is the declaration that the very best of medical care and hospitalization is assured soldiers who may become sick or injured and would require such attention. I can attest to the truth of that statement. I have just returned to duty after a two-week stay in an Army hospital where I was an ambulatory patient, in an orthopedic ward, as the result of an accident sustained on the post ball field.

Nobody wants to be sick or injured. But it's nice to know that if misfortune is yours while you're in active service and it is incurred in the line of duty, your pay will go on just the same, whether you're in the hospital for days or for months, and that you'll receive the best of medical and surgical treatment and nursing attendance.

I went on Sick Report on a Saturday and was immediately admitted to the hospital, after the medical officer taking Sick Call had looked at my left elbow which was red and inflamed, following my fall upon it during the ball game.

In the Admittance Office a pleasant-faced young corpsman filled out my card. Name, rank, Army serial number, religion, blood type, and a brief summary of cause of admission. I was then given a form on which to list the articles of clothing I was to place in the patients' clothing room after changing the pajamas and maroon bedrobe to be given me in Ward C. I had brought slippers, toilet articles and money with me, but found I had the need of much of the last.

Spirit of Cheerfulness

The first impression I got of Ward C was that it exuded a strong spirit of cheerfulness, despite that many of the thirty-odd patients were overseas veterans riding out the last stages of convalescence following wounds received in action either in the ETO or in Pacific warfare. A good deal of this ward-wide cheerfulness stemmed from the happy, "big sister" attitude of the ward nurses, day and night, toward their charges.

I was assigned a bed with radio earphone set and bedside table on which toilet articles were placed with reading and writing materials and smokers' articles. The linen was crisp-fresh, being changed daily, as were the pajamas and hand and bath towels.

Because I was an ambulatory patient, able to walk about, I ate regular meals at the ambulatory patients' table in the main mess hall in the big hospital building. Patients who had their arms in casts or who were otherwise unable to handle the eating utensils by themselves were seated at a separate table and waited upon by special civilian mess attendants who served these handicapped men their plates, cut up their meat, and otherwise made it facile for the men to enjoy their meals in full comfort.

For patients on regular diet, these meals were excellent, though the coffee left much to be desired. Meat dishes were plentiful throughout the week, with chicken dinner the high light of the Sunday menu. All the fresh milk one could possibly desire was there for the drinking, together with varieties of fresh fruit juices and a wide variety of fresh salad dishes. Service was cafeteria style, and there were plenty of second helpings for the chow hounds.

Because the Army surgeon who admitted me believed there was danger of infection setting in my arm, I was given sulfa—240 cc's every three hours—and soda tablets, for the first few days of my period of "observation and treatment." The sulfa was not hard to take, but it left me gaping and drowsy and ready enough to

call it a ward day at 2130 hours, when the lights in all wards were snapped out.

The colonel in charge of the surgical wards, together with other Army surgeons on the hospital staff and trailed by the ward nurse and the ward man and dressing-room attendant, made twice-a-day tours of the ward.

Convalescent Leave

It was easy for an ambulatory patient to obtain a pass, from about Saturday noon to early Monday morning, if his attending surgeon and his ward nurse thought it feasible for such a man to have this pass privilege. "Convalescent leave," of twenty-one days' duration, was freely granted all patients who had been confined to bed for a long period and who became quite well in time.

Post chaplains of the faiths of the patients made regular visits to all wards. Professional entertainers frequently dropped in, sometimes impromptu, to play the ward piano and sing request numbers. Sometimes, movies were shown in the wards for the benefit of the bed patients unable to get over to the Red Cross building or receive a pass to go to the post movie theater.

Opportunity was given all patients to avail themselves of the many facilities of the Reconditioning Service and of the Arts and Crafts Section.

The Physical Reconditioning Program helped patients to correct physical defects and to adjust wounded men to the loss of a limb or the weakness of some part of the body. For the ambulatories, there were daily calisthenics, in many instances shared in by the bed patients as these latter lay in bed and followed the commands of the corpsman who conducted these minor setting-up exercises in the ward each morning.

The Arts and Crafts Section, popular with all patients, is a part of the Occupational Therapy Program and is designed to aid the sick and wounded in the restoration of function of injured or diseased joints, nerves, tendons, and muscles. A work bench, in a separate building, afforded the ambulatory patients many opportunities to acquire new skills in woodwork, leathercraft, weaving, pottery, plastics, jewelry and metal work, and many other interesting and diverting crafts. One of the ambulatory patients in Ward C was a wounded veteran of the Fifth Infantry Division who had served with the "Red Diamond" men in Iceland and Europe. He became quite proficient in fashioning wallets, and at last reached a state of expert workmanship where he could turn out two or three of these finished wallets daily. The good ladies in charge of the ARC recreational hut across the road from the hospital staged an Occupational Therapy Contest one day and this ex-Fifth Divisioner entered one of his best products, which was awarded first prize in that class. He went forward to receive his prize—a handsomely tooled wallet!

Frequently, the ambulatory patients would be canvassed for volunteers to go to the near-by big city as guests of some organization or another, that night. Transportation was furnished, and usually a big supper would be offered these men, before their hosts escorted them to the show, dance, fight, or ball game.

After two weeks' stay in Ward C and following the extraction of some fluid from my less-swollen elbow, I was redesignated an "Out Patient" and ordered returned to duty, with the stipulation that I was to return, each afternoon, to the hospital, for daily follow-up examination and redressing.

It was a bit hard for me to say goodbye to those fellow patients of

The Scientists and Engineers of Ukraine

Some of the achievements by scientists and engineers of Ukraine during the war were outlined in an interview by M. Amshinsky of Eugene Paton, vice-president of the now thoroughly de-Ukrainized Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR, as reported by the Soviet embassy at Washington. The interviewer writes that when he knocked at Paton's door, the door was opened by a tall, wellbuilt man with gray hair, drooping mustache and thick eyebrows which made his face seem rather stern. But his severity vanished under a radiant smile.

The man was Paton, Vice President of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR and widely known in the USSR and abroad as a specialist on bridge construction.

The past 15 years the Academician has devoted himself exclusively to theoretical and practical problems connected with the automatization of welding. His methods of automatic welding and equipment designed by him have been very effective and have resulted in greater labor productivity and an improvement in the quality of welded seams. More than 5,000 kilometers of seams had been automatically welded in Soviet tank factories during the war.

In his study, noting the astonishment on the interviewer's face as his eyes traveled over the empty room, Paton said: "You are probably astonished by the unusual appearance of my study. It is the work of the fascists who looted my apartment. I have lost everything accumulated through persistent labor for half a century. The most painful loss is my library. I had several thousands of the most valuable technical books in Russian and foreign languages. Of course there was also my furniture, and I was very fond of my paintings, ancient porcelain and china. I found nothing but four walls when I came back. And yet I am among few fortunates! You must remember that tens of thousands of Kiev citizens are homeless, their dwellings blasted or burned."

What They Contributed to Victory

The interviewer called the attention of Professor Paton to the purpose of his visit. He had come to inquire: "What precisely did the Ukraine's scientists and engineers contribute to victory?"

"It is very hard to answer your question," Paton said, "because literally every foreman and worker has dedicated himself wholly to the country's defense from the first day of war."

"I shall, however, try to give you some idea of the work of the Ukraine's intelligentsia. As the fascist invaders pushed on deeper and deeper into our native land, Ukrainian engineers and technicians were evacuated to the interior of the country. Some of them worked in Bashkiria, others in Central Asia, in the Urals and like areas. And wherever they were they did a great deal to help defeat the enemy. A large group of Dnepropetrovsk Metallurgical Institute, for example, worked at the Magnitogorsk steel mills during the war. They introduced improvements in the blast furnace and rolling mill departments

mine in Ward C. Many of them I had grown to know real well. All of them will always remain, in my book of memories, as "regular fellows," and, as is quite possible, many of them may in truth become real Regulars, reenlisting in the Regular Army.

If and when they do become members of the Regular Army, they will find that whether they are sick or well Uncle Sam will take the very best of care of them.

It's a great life, the Army!

HERBERT E. SMITH

and helped the workers to master more rapidly the production of new grades of pigiron and steel for defense industries.

"All the scientific workers of the six technical institutes of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences were engaged in war. Professor Pavel Emelyanenko, a corresponding member of our Academy, made important improvements in the processes of rolling thin drawn tubes and tubes of durable steel alloys. Furthermore, during the war he carried through a number of brilliant experiments in rolling gun barrels."

"Nikolai Dobrokhoto, a member of our Academy, helped tank factories to make great advancements in steel armor manufacture.

"Interesting and important work was carried through at one of the aircraft factories by Academician Sergei Serensen with corresponding members Boris Grozin and Fedor Gayanin, both of the Institute of Construction Mechanics.

"In addition, the staff of this Institute filled a number of important defense orders of the Scientific Research Institute of the Red Army's Air Force. Among other achievements were new methods for raising the dynamic endurance of parts for aircraft engines by introducing changes in design and technology.

"For the production of high grade pigiron Professor Vashchenko of the Iron and Steel Institute recommended a system now extensively employed in the munitions industry. The same Institute elaborated technological procedures used for converting war scrap into steel alloys, now also employed in the production of alloys for armor plating.

"The miners of the Donbas and Krivoy Rog, who during the evacuation period worked in the iron and copper ore and coal mines of the Urals, Kazakhstan and Siberia, did not lag behind our scientists.

"During his two years of work in the East, Alexei Semivolos, famous Stakhanovite miner of Krivoy Rog, accomplished a 10-year production job and trained scores of Urals miners in his efficient methods of work.

"I have not seen a single enterprise in the Urals where Ukrainians were not employed.

"I could cite numerous other examples illustrating the energetic and successful war effort of our scientists.

"But this is all in the past. All our institutes are now cooperating in the rehabilitation of the national economy. I am confident that in the restoration of industry, the Ukraine's intelligentsia will show many brilliant examples of inventiveness and heroism."

Add-Definitions

Salesmanship is selling goods that won't come back to people who will come back.

—The Wingfoot Clan.

Travel Note

First Marine: "When in China, did you ride on one of those jinrikshas?"

Second: "Yes, and they have horses that look just like men."

—Excavating Engineer.

Frank Appraisal

"Your hair is like spun gold. Your eyes, like two pools. Your lips—gee, what a mess you must make on the rim of a coffee cup."—The Crucible.

In the Swim

Bathing-suits are brief and scanty, Just a simple bra and panty, Smaller than a pocket-hanky, Fashioned for the smart and swanky, But only shapes that qualify Are suited for the public eye!

—Louise Shaw

A G. I. RETURNS HOME

(Continued)

I have been home for the past forty days and by this time I should have become accustomed to the every day mode of life. I have not been greatly disappointed in most cases, which is indeed something, for, after all, when you are away from home your dreams are not always true to life. Some things, however, have affected me and I realize much to my regret that they will continue to grow worse unless something is done about them. I would have liked to continue with my letters to the Weekly concerning the brighter side of coming home but I think once I get this off my chest all the rest will come along much easier.

It all started two weeks ago when I attended a concert at the Parish Hall of St. George's Church on Sixth Street in New York City. I arrived just a few minutes before it was supposed to have started. Much to my surprise I saw that only half of the hall was occupied. The program did not start until a half hour later. When the curtain opened my eyes were treated to a beautiful array of living color. The chorus sang its few songs very well, for what it lacked in finesse it more than made up for in spirit and melodic beauty. Just how the choristers felt upon perceiving the vast empty spaces in the rear of the hall I do not know. However, from the personal viewpoint I think it's a shame, for the affair was one of those things about which I and many other fellows used to think about over on the other side. Evidently the folks who have been home all the while have lost their appreciation of such things. I enjoyed the concert very much nonetheless. It felt good to hear the singing of the choir, and the solos of the well known and beautiful young singer, Miss Mary Polynack.

Where Are All the Others?

What struck me as incongruous was the speech made at the concert lamenting the comparative scarcity of pupils attending the parochial school. Of course it's a lamentable fact. But why complain to the people who do send their children to the school, who are always active in Ukrainian American affairs, always ready to donate something to the cause, and most always attending affairs like this concert whether they are bored by them or not, as long as they are for the Ukrainian good. This is true not only of New York but, I'm sure, of a lot of other communities, and on the other side too.

In Newark for instance, I came back after two years to find conditions just the way I left them. On Sunday when I go to church I find the same old people that have gone for years still going, which is as it should be; but what about the others who don't show themselves anywhere? Those that went to the concerts and balls for years are still going. Those that first donated to various causes some twenty five years ago are still donating. Only the death of some remind us of the passing years. This should not be so, for, after all, each and every one of us knows that there are so many more Ukrainians here in America. Where are they and why don't they come out except perhaps for Easter and Christmas or perhaps when there is some sort of supposedly sensational show being put on.

After the New York concert I had the pleasure of joining a few people for a party, is the course of which I met a young man from Chicago. He must have been quite an important fellow, for he told us so himself. In fact he had come down from the Waldorf just in time to attend the concert. When inquired why he had attended the concert on Sixth Street, he mentioned something to the effect that he was sorry for the Ukrainian people and that whatever

they seemed to try never really came out very well for usually it was a case of throat cutting amongst themselves. It was then that I realized that perhaps too many of the wrong people were feeling sorry for us.

Why feel sorry? It's not sympathy that's needed but more active participation in our Ukrainian American life by more of us. Let's not be negative but positive in our approach to what faces us. Imagine, for instance, if the younger generation in Western Ukraine in October and November of 1918 had just felt sorry for the Ukrainian cause had said, "What's the use of taking up arms and fighting for a free Ukraine when the cards are stacked against us?" Certainly the free Ukraine they won by their fighting did not last. But it remained a great achievement just the same. The same spirit, it strikes me, should animate us here, today. Like Franko once said in poetic form—everything we do counts.

Situation Similar Over There

Probably someone may say here, "How come you're talking like this when you've been away for so long? What do you know of conditions here?" No doubt I probably know little. But I've seen enough in the short space of time that I have been here. And I found the same situation over on the other side, among the Ukrainians that I met there. Take Paris for instance. Thousands of Ukrainians there. Yet only a few active, only a few show themselves anywhere. I went to mass at the church there, where Father Perridon is priest, and there were only about twenty people at the church in all. Yet to those few today there come hundreds upon hundreds of people for the help they now need in their trouble, the help that is being sent from here by the comparatively few among us who always give where it is needed.

I cannot help but ask myself questions. Why is it that only a few of those who approached me for help over there asked for help not for themselves personally but for all of them? Why is it that so many of them talked against their fellow countrymen, just to appear lily-white in virtue? How come when the Paris church and people there were poor as the proverbial church mouse one the Ukrainian artists there, I don't want to mention his name, charged them exorbitant prices for the painting and decorating the church and for making up a design for their newspaper, "The Ukrainian In France"?

Coming down to cases here. Why do singers from the other side get preference over our native talent? Sure, some of them deserve it, specially those who stick by their own. But look what's happened to some of those who, when I was still here, were heralded as the greatest and most magnificent, world famous (when actually they were far from that) and now today I find they've deserted our own kind and our cause and are collaborating with the Communists? Is it because we didn't pay them enough? Yet they used to charge fancy prices for their appearances. Extremely much more than what we used to pay our younger generation singers. Maybe the latter were just youngsters. But they were and are good. Now that I've heard several of them, I find that they are better. What they especially need is better backing by our people.

I'm inclined to think that now that the fellows are returning home, things may improve somewhat. They have been away and they have a different slant on things now. Their absence has given them a better perspective on Ukrainian American life. Its good points and its bad points stand out more clearly to them now. Maybe they have some ideas on what

Compulsory Training in Peace Time

Training is preparation of oneself for a task or a purpose. All of us who are or have been in the armed forces have had training for war. Peace in our time has returned and we hope it is here to stay, what then is the need for compulsory training? Let us suggest a new type of training. Training that would enable us to enjoy the fruits of victory and peace; training that would be applicable to peaceful pursuits. This training would not be for military purposes, but for National Service. To benefit from the lessons learned from our last two Great Wars, we must devote more time in a service to the nation.

Modelled After Military Colleges

Post-war training is on the minds of all authorities. Both the soldier and the public approved of military training. We now suggest a variation. It should be a type of training modelled along the lines of some of our best military colleges. It should combine a study of military regimen and preparation for citizenship. This training should be injected in our lives at a time when we are beginning to select specific vocations, when we are about to exercise the responsibilities of a citizen of a great community and nation.

All males who reach the age of 18 years, who are mentally and physically fit, should be chosen. About 12 months without time off for summer holidays should be devoted to this training. At this time there would be a minimum of dislocation in education or careers. Life in the armed forces has definitely taught us to co-operate, to contribute, and to accept responsibility. It is usually a life of rigid routine, where we learn to get along without accustomed special privileges. These are all ideal attributes which we should acquire. A person whose education has been neglected can at least at this time have an opportunity of learning something about human relationship.

No, we do not want any emphasis on a preparation for future wars. What humanity now craves is salvation and protection from the spectre of another war, a more terrible holocaust, than the world has yet seen. Let the leaders of the nations direct their thoughts to the future of mankind. A decision on the necessity of compulsory training should not be too greatly influenced by military advisers.

If the forces of righteousness are to triumph over the forces of evil, Christian principles must be infused into the hearts of all. Greater stress on the practical application of these principles would be very beneficial. The Christian Church and its principles should be made a religion of deeds, a part of our every day life, for only on such a foundation can true peace and happiness be found.

This training should take the form of a short preparation for citizenship and all that it entails. People must be properly equipped to cope with the problems of a fast changing world. Knowledge and education are the necessary tools. Useful citizens are produced through education, and not only does it train you for a job, but it enriches your life. Increased knowledge enables one to distinguish between right and wrong; to independently and intelligently judge the issues of the day. Yes, we can then participate in all community matters. We can help mould the thought of the world; lead in great movements for a better world. Definite training in citizenship is essential at this time.

A great deal of emphasis could be placed at this time on the value of health. For the duration of the course, practical applications and preventive methods could be adopted. A healthy nation leads to a sane nation.

Scientific Methods Needed

As in war, so in peace, scientific methods should be adopted for the selection of a vocation. Adaptability or psycho-screening tests have proven themselves over and over again in the selection of men for the proper positions in our Air Force. Why not use them at this time for peaceful gain? The correct choice of a vocation means the difference between success and failure, happiness and sorrow.

When we now talk of compulsory training let us do so in the broader sense—training for National Service. Let us say to ourselves, "What have I done for my country?" until the time comes when you may have the immense happiness of thinking that you have contributed in some way to the progress and to the good of humanity. But, whether our efforts are favored or not favored by life, let us be able to say when we come near the great goal, as Pasteur had said, "I have done what I could."

M. E. L.

(Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen Association, London)

they can do to get rid of some of the bad points. It will be to their benefit and to Ukrainian American life and progress in general.

SGT. THEODORE V. SHUMEYKO

Marooned on a sandy South Pacific island, two sailors were making a careful search for anything edible.

"With all this sand," muttered one, "I'm sure there must be some spinach around here!"—The Communicque.



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"DEATH MARCH" SURVIVOR HOME

(Concluded from page 1)

supply of fuel was hardly sufficient to warm a small group, let alone the 100 odd men in each barracks.

The men rose each morning at 5:30 and worked on one of the three daily shifts, which began at 6:30 and continued throughout the day and well into the night. They worked in a coper mine at Ashio, Japan, near Tokyo—and under conditions not conducive to the best of health.

The very few letters which were passed by the Japs to the men were read and re-read hundreds of times. A handwritten letter was, after all, something to have. More often than not, it was a war department type-written form that the boys received.

The diverse changes in equipment and the strategy of war were remarkable to Wecal after those arduous 42 months of incarceration. At Okinawa, he said, he was amazed at the current equipment used by American forces, a far cry from that which was available in the Bataan deathstand. For one thing, he'd never seen amphibious equipment such as LSTs, LCIs, LCVPs, "Ducks; and weapons like the bazooka, and planes as big and formidable as the B-29.

Only six messages from their son were received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Wecal, during the 42-

month imprisonment time. A survivor of the "March of Death" which followed the surrender of Bataan and Corregidor, Wecal was at one time held at Philippine Military Prison Camp 1. Prior to the Pearl Harbor episode, the Woonsocket sergeant was stationed at Fort Mills, Philippine Islands, with Battery K of the 60th coast artillery. Prior to his enlistment, he was a well-known basketball player in Woonsocket.

УКРАЇНСЬКІ СТІНКИ КАЛЕНДАРІ НА

1946

PIK

- У гарних кольорах
- Календаріом друковане українською мовою
- Свята означені чітким червоним друком

Ціна 30 ц. один

Належитість треба посилати разом із замовленням На С. О. Д. не висилаємо.

- [] Вашингтон
- [] Замовий вид
- [] Діти бавляться
- [] Гарний вид Білого Дому
- [] Лінкольн
- [] Американський прапор
- [] Олень над водою
- [] Маленька хата над морем
- [] "Sea skipper" (рибалка)
- [] Весна
- [] Христос добрий пастир
- [] Серце Ісуса Христа
- [] Діти, що їх ангел стереже
- [] Пречиста Діва Марія
- [] Чудовий вид фарми.

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WEEKLY BANTER

Lesson in Basic English

A Navy lieutenant at a South Sea Island station undertook to give an old native a lesson in Basic English. He pointed at a marine and said "Man." The native dutifully repeated, "Man." That gave the volunteer teacher a thrill. He went on and pointed to a palm. "Tree," he announced. The native echoed "Tree." That certainly was progress.

Just then a plane roared overhead. The lieutenant thought he'd give the native the first chance this time. "What?" he asked, pointing upward. "I'm not sure," said the native, as he stood up and squinted at the plane overhead. "It looks like a PE2Y, but it might be a B-24."

Taking Advice

Hoping to inspire his workers with promptness and energy, a businessman hung a number of signs reading "DO IT NOW" around his factory and Office. When he was asked some weeks later how his staff had reacted, he shook his head sadly.

"I don't even like to talk about it," he said. "The head bookkeeper eloped with the best secretary I ever had; three typists asked for an increase; the factory hands decided to go on strike and the office boy joined the Navy."—Montreal Daily Star.

Innocence Abroad

A soldier was returning from the village, having had a haircut, when he met his captain carrying golf clubs.

"If you're returning to camp, Jones," the Captain said, "would you mind putting these clubs in my office for me?"

"Certainly, sir," answered Jones, slinging them over his shoulder. A little nearer the camp he met the colonel.

"Good-morning, sir!" Jones said, saluting smartly.

"Morning, Jones!" answered the colonel genially. "Been for a round of golf?"

"Oh, no, sir; I've been having a haircut."

"Fourteen days for insolence!" bawled the colonel.—Answers.

Good Enough

At the air-training base a group was called up for a swimming test. "How about you, Mac?" demanded the instructor. "Can you swim?"

"Sure!" replied the gob. To prove it he splashed the length of the pool in an old-fashioned dog-paddle.

"You call that swimming?" bawled the instructor.

"Well," observed the sailor mildly, "that's what kept me up when the Hornet went down." — "Service Chuckles," American Magazine.

A Simple Procedure

Waiting for supplies to catch up with them, one of General Patton's armored units rested a few days in a small French village. The citizens told the Americans that the most interesting thing in the town was a man one hundred years old with not an enemy in the world. An American officer thought this an unusual and beautiful thing.

"It is nothing of the sort," the interpreter contradicted him.

"But a man that old with no enemies, surely that is a feat," insisted the American.

"It is no feat," the Frenchman insisted. "He merely outlived all of them."

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Funny Side Up

We were sitting comfortably out on veranda last Sunday listening to a broadcast of a football game when the doorbell rang. Our visitor was none other than Rollo Twerp. As he stood there in the doorway we noticed water dripping from his chin. "Come on, Bromo. Come for a ride in my car," he requested. "O.K. Rollo, thanks," we said, "but how come your face is so wet. "Oh," replied Rollo, "the guy at the gas station just wiped my windshield and I ain't got a windshield!"

Well, as we got into his car we noticed one side of the car was painted blue. "What's the idea?" we asked. "Oh," replied Rollo, "in case of an accident, witnesses will have one grand time contradicting each other!" "Ever have an accident?" we asked. "Yes," replied Rollo. "I met my wife in a garage!"

What an egg-beater special his car was. It had no brakes, no born, no windshield, rear warning light, headlights, bulbs, or running board. Rollo turned the motor over and it ran like a top...the top of a cement mixer. And we thought the guy who had this car before Rollo must have been an Englishman, because everytime the car backfired, it backfired with an English accent! As a matter of fact, during the war the government wouldn't let him drive it. Uncle Sam claimed it gave out too much information with its motor running! You know, out in Detroit they say it takes only 20 seconds to put a car together. Well, Rollo's got the car!

Out of the city and to the country drove Rollo. We remember, he turned a corner on four wheels... the right front wheel, the driver's wheel and the two spare wheels! Boy, what a driver. Whenever the road turned the same as his car, it was only a coincidence! Nearing a railroad crossing we saw a sign on the fence of a junk yard nearby to wit: "Go ahead, take a chance, we'll buy what's left of the car!" It was then we decided we had an urgent appointment for that evening and urged Rollo to head back for home.

As Rollo made a U-Turn he exclaimed, "Hey, Bromo, isn't this a swell car. It runs just like a clock." "So I notice," said we, "You just struck ONE!" "Did I," gasped Rollo, "Where?" "About 500 ft. back," we replied.

Rollo may have been a bad driver, but he had the common sense to drive back just in time to see a man get up from the side of the road. "Sorry to have struck you," said Rollo, "but here, have some of these vitamin pills.

"Oh, you didn't hit me," said they're good for run-down people!" man. "I noticed you were a New York driver and when you stopped to let me go across the road, I fainted!"
BROMO SELTZER

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